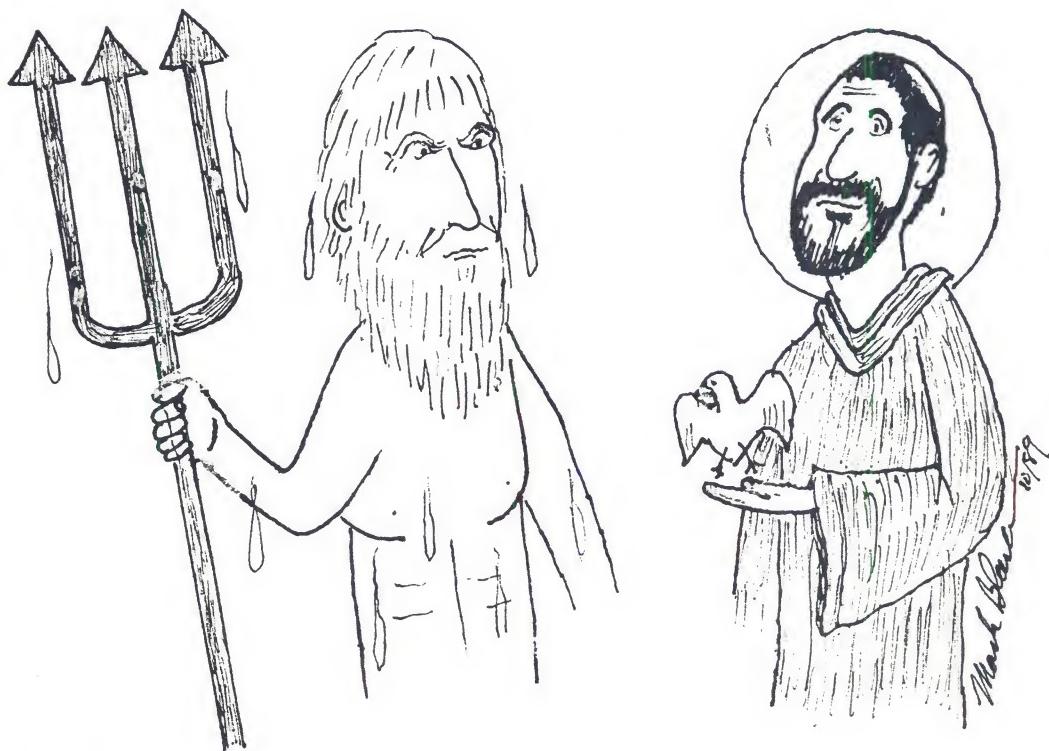


"APR-A-FIJK"

#44 • NOVEMBER 1989 / SAMHAIN 9989



REAL OLD-TIME RELIGION UPDATE:
POSEIDON 1, ST. FRANCIS 0 *

*Poseidon, God of Earthquakes; St. Francis of Assisi,
Patron Saint of San Francisco.

SING SPLEB

44th Stanza, APA-Filk #44 / Mark L. Blackman, 1745 East 18th
St. #4A, Brooklyn, NY 11229 / 718-336-3255 / Oct. 17-18, 1989

I didn't get to filking at Noreascon, but I did catch some filk programing. At a filk panel Thursday, it was suggested not to use songsheets at singalongs (of which there are fewer because there are more original tunes) - if you can't remember the rest of the verses, they weren't necessary. Comments? I also heard "(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction" and "Pinball Wizard" (from Tommy) sung by Nate Bucklin to "Battle Hymn of the Republic". (It's a filkers' truism that just about anything can be sung to either "Battle Hymn of the Republic" or "Greensleeves". I've heard "Clementine" & "Mack the Knife" sung to each other's tunes and both to "Ode to Joy". Nate also notes that the "Plagiarize" section of Tom Lehrer's "Lobachevsky" can be sung to the Beatles' "Yesterday".)

& ----- THE MELODY LINGERS : Comments on APA-Filk #43 ----- &

COVER & THEY'LL SING IN SOMEONE ELSE'S ROOM THIS TIME/Margaret Middleton: Welcome back. // You've made a good start on categorizing filk, though I doubt the Greek letters will catch on, and you omit the significant question of original or borrowed tune. "Tau Filk" would include traditional folk ballads and sea chanteys and modern attempts at the genres (like Clam Chowder's, SCAdians'). At a Worldcon filk panel, it was observed that Weird Al Yankovic does filk but doesn't know it, and noted that Mark Russell is sung at West Coast filksings.

DC AL FINE/Mike Stein: I've also been to Morocco. // Filkers Marc Glasser & Bill Sutton were at Vinnie Bartilucci's wedding in July. // Sorry I missed the unveiling of your project at Noreascon. // "Frozen Dreams" is haunting, but not ose. // The Supremes? As in "Baby, baby, baby" & "Stop in the Name of Love"?

ANAKREON/John Boardman: "Lauder" <"Giovinezza"/Dave Schwartz> Cute & clever filk. I did see the commercial a few times more, proving Lauder knew nothing about history - and less about the MTA. Btw, the way Mussolini got the trains to run on time was to adjust the schedules, a trick already used today in the US (in which a train up to 10 minutes late is classified as being "on time"). // ct me> Shouldn't that be simply "vexilliatry"? # That Britain's allies become enemies may reflect its treatment of allies. (The American Colonies were of course allied with England in the French & Indian War.) My hotel in Tel Aviv was just off a street named for Trumpeldor. // ct Rogow> Again, Lunacon is at the Westchester Marriott in Tarrytown. <ct Stein> A move out is not definite. # Are you sure that, with Japan so economically powerful, it won't be us who switches, TO kana? (Some Japanimation fans can already read it.) // Yes, subscribers, please become contributors! // "Yankee" has also been claimed to derive from Algonquin Awaunaguss, "this stranger" (cf. the meanings of "barbarian" & "Welsh"). My sources agree re the derivation of "macaroni" (and "macaroon") and its application to Italophile fops. # Lincoln similarly claimed "Dixie" as a spoil of war. // As "Battle Hymn of the Republic" shows, patriotism is inextricably bound with militarism. An acquaintance reports Mormon church services in Salt Lake City include singing "America (My Country 'Tis Of Thee)", "America the Beautiful" & "The Star-Spangled Banner". (Of course those folks can't understand the concept of separation of Church & State; just as they salute the flag in church, they want to pray in public schools.) // "20 Broad Street" & "We've Got the Great Depression Back Again"/Greg Baker> Since this appeared, we had a 190.5 drop in the Dow (and an earthquake in San Francisco). Greg's gotten a lot of mileage out of my joke that this time brokers won't be jumping out of windows - they're sealed due to central air-conditioning. // The Teen-age Mutant Ninja Turtles tv cartoon show has a theme song with words, btw ("heroes on the half-shell").

BILL OF RIGHTS & RESPONSIBILITIES FOR FILKERS/Deborah Leonard: It's a sad state of affairs when something like this has to be written down.

I'll be at Philcon and probably Hexacon. See a few of you there.

ab

JERSEY FLATS #20.....November, 1989
Roberta Rogow, P.O. Box 1124, Fair Lawn, NJ 07410

APOLOGIA: I missed the last mailing of APA-Filk...not because I didn't write one, but because I stupidly mailed it to EAST 79th Street instead of WEST 79th Street, where The Infernal Machine lives (and where Jersey Flats gets printed). So it never got to John, and you never got to hear/read my pithy comments on the various summer Cons.

Actually, there wasn't much to say about the Cons of Summer. I won awards for "The Art Show" at MediaWest Con (Most Original), EmpiriCon (Best in Show), and Shore Leave (#2 in Tournament of Champions). I did a lot of filking at PhroliCon and I had my stint at Shore Leave. I was a GoH at AvengerCon, where I held forth on the subject of Fan Writing vs. Pro Writing. I was also a guest, of sorts, at the Dremewerkes in September in Harrisburg. I also went to World Con...

ROGOW'S ANNUAL WORLDCON REPORT: After last year's fiasco in New Orleans, almost anything would be an improvement! New Orleans is a great town to visit, and a rotten one to have a WorldCon in. Reverse that, and you get Boston...although I wouldn't call it a rotten town to visit. Maybe it's just too familiar! Boston is like my own backyard...I wasn't really all that eager to sightsee, because most of what I'd want to see was too far away from the Con site. The Con itself was...H U G E ! The Hynes Auditorium and Convention Center is a vast monolith that seemed to cover three city blocks, so everything was in one building...except the filking, which was across the street from the Sheraton Hotel...in the opposite direction from most of the other programming. As a result, by the time I was finished with whatever evening goodies I'd planned, I was too exhausted to GET there, let alone to filk!

I did manage to get to the Wednesday and Thursday night filks...where I held forth with Harold Feld and Crystal Hagel and a few others... and I sat on a panel on "Literary Filk" with Lee Gold and some others (thanx, Mark...I hope I met all expectations). And I cheered when C.J. Cherryh won her Hugo for "Cyteen"....

And "The Art Show" finally won something at a WorldCon..."Workmanship for embroidery". And if I find out who it was who loused up the music, so that half my joke was lost, someone who used to sing bass will sing soprano. I wasn't the only one, either; someone pointed out that almost all the "media" costumes were sabotaged this way. Hmmmm!

My recollections of NorEasCon III are somewhat jumbled because I was furiously busy with my latest project....

ROBERTA GOES PRO!: Last year I announced that I was working on "Future-speak: A Dictionary of Science Fiction". Well, after a year of rebuffs and rejections, my agent/packager finally sold it to Paragon Press. I have signed the contract...the CHECK is in the mail...and now I have to write the damned thing! So a lot of things are going to take second place

2

while I sit at the computer and tap out definitions (with examples!) of such SF concepts as "dystopia" or "fanzine" or Bardic circle" or "TANJ". Did you know that any weird bacterium brewed up in a research lab is now called an "Andromeda strain" ...a case of Life imitating Art. I'm trying to include as many fannish, publishing, printing, aerospace, astronomy, literary, computer, film, and gaming terms as I can find....it's supposed to be ready between January and August on 1990, with a printing date of either Spring 1991 or Winter 1990, depending on how long it takes me to whack it out.

Murray and I have been arguing over this. He wants me to use his TRS-80, because it looks nicer, and I won't have to worry about losing pages, since they'll all be on the disc, and I can call them up any time. I guess I'm just plain lazy; I like my Gizmo (this Canon Typestar) and I just figured out how to use it after 3 years. I hate the computer, but I understand the necessity for using it. Still....I guess I'd prefer to do the whole thing by hand!

At any rate, there will be more on this as time goes by. And if you see me chasing after Darryl Schweitzer or Fred Pohl or George Scithers with my little scratch-pad, asking dumb questions like: "Did you invent the term 'Bat Durston story', and if you didn't, who did?"...you'll know why.

SUMMER MOVIE REVIEWS:

1. STAR TREK V:Final Frontier. I hate to say it...because, as a dyed-in-the-wool, First-Generation Trekker, I wanted to like this movie...in spite of the critics (what do critics know from Trek?). But the truth is, this movie leaves out all the connecting links that would explain WHAT all these people are doing on this desert planet, and WHY they are doing it. The "obligatory scenes" were missing (see Futurespeak for definition of "obligatory scene" and "exposition" and "motivation"...all of which were sacrificed to the ego demands of a certain actor/director and would-be novelist.) I was waiting for David Warner to lean back and go into a drunken soliloquy on his blasted life and how he has ended a once-promising career on this blasted planet, etc. After all, it's what they were presumably paying him to do! When Leonard Nimoy got someone like James Sikking to do what amounted to a bit part, at least he gave him some snappy lines!

The campfire scene was the first time I've EVER walked out on a Star Trek movie. The Primal Scream scenes were a misuse of a valuable therapeutic technique. I liked some of it...when he was allowed to DO his part, Warner was good. So was Luckenbill. But I sincerely hope the next Trek movie lets the Old Boys rest, and starts to focus on the bridge between Classic Trek and New Generation.

If you want a partial explanation of all that missing exposition, read the novelization.

2. INDIANA JONES AND THE LAST CRUSADE: Aha! They got back to basics! George and Steven have decided to forget about ART and go for FUN, and it works! Harrison Ford and Sean Connery are two pros who bounce off each other beautifully. They work the father/son relationship as if it was something new instead of an incredible SF/Fantasy cliche by now. And

there are no "ugh!" scenes, like the banquet in "Temple of Doom". It's the only movie I wanted to see twice this summer.

3. BATMAN: It took me a while to get the nerve to see this one, but I finally did...talk about Dark Urban Fantasy! The whole movie looks as if it's been shot through a well-used air-filter. Michael Keaton is a grim, driven soul....and Jack Nicholson's Joker did steal the show, but the movie's called "Batman", not "Joker's Wild". The whole film is permeated with an undercurrent of nastiness...a deep distrust of humanity, that chases after the Joker who promises them "bread"...money...and "circuses". The scenery steals the show!

4: ALIEN NATION....the new TV series, which is definitely a "must see" for anyone within reach of a Fox Network station. It's definitely NOT a star turn...I even forget who plays who...instead, it's what SF is supposed to be about: another way of looking at ourselves and our world. Basic premise is the same as last year's movie...a shipload of Aliens has landed in Southern California, and disgorged some 250,000 or so humanoids, genetically designed to be slaves...strong, intelligent, and very adaptable. They don't want to conquer us; they want to BE us! They buy into the American Dream: house with white picket fence, 9-to5 job, etc. - One of them, George Francisco, is moved up into the police department as a detective, working with Matt Sykes, a tough street cop. It's instant culture-clash!

Sometimes the message gets VERY heavy-handed, as when a Black woman consoles the Newcomer mother when her child is having a rough time being accepted in a previously all-Human school, reminding her of Miss Jane Pittman. The parallels are being drawn between the Black experience and other immigrant groups. And there are a whole lot of questions still to be answered: is this the fore-runner of a full-scale invasion? Are the ship's commanders (the Overseers) hanging around, waiting to take over? And what will happen to the beaver, opossum and raccoon population when the Newcomers eat them all? Tune in for the answers to this, and other fascinating questions.

5. STAR TREK: NEW GENERATION...and the Third Season has begun, with a couple of zingy episodes that put us right on track! The last episode of the Second Season was a cop-out....using clips of previous episodes, so that the bulk of the cast could take off early for their hiatus vacations. But the first episode of the Third Season brought back Dr. Crusher...and made it absolutely clear whose son Wesley is! And Wesley...the Boy Genius...screwed up! And did it royally, too! AND got to tell off Mommy!

The next episode gave Data a star turn and showed us Picard at his best...I loved the way he turned the tables on the unreasonable foe. Vive Jean-Luc! He's still my favorite character on ST:NG.

A few that I don't watch: "War of the Worlds" is supposed to be dandy. I couldn't handle the gore of the first season, and it's on opposite "Paradise", which is opposite "Nature". If I like the plotline of "Paradise", that gets my vote. Otherwise, I'd prefer to see turtles mating.

Besides, Saturday nights are when I'm usually at a Con!

H F

UPCOMING CON SCHEDULE: I'll be at PhilCon this year...selling various filkzines at Devra Langsam's table. And I'll be at the Thanksgiving Creation Con in New York, which has Brent Spiner lined up for evening performances...an occasion so rare that I'm actually taking a hotel room so that I can get to them! Usually I stay with my mother when I do a NYC Creation...but Thanksgiving weather can be iffy, and I am not too thrilled about bucking New York traffic when the theaters let out. (Yes, I know about the subways...but not when you're carrying a suitcase, a guitar, and a tote-bag full of tapes.)

PUBLISHING SCHEDULE: GRIP #33 is now available. GRIP #34 is being printed even as I type. REC-ROOM RHYMES #7 is in print, with a lot of Trek stuff and three "Merovingen Nights" filk, and a few other oddments.

FILKINDEX is being revised and will be reprinted in Spring of 1990. The First Edition is still available, but there were so many complaints from people who felt that the data was incorrect or incomplete, that I decided to re-do it....Carol Kabakjian is doing the actual data entry, so if you have anything to put in or take out...see her! (she'll be at PhilCon, too.)

CAR WARS: The "Red Baron", Murray's Mercury, died...right in front of the mechanic's garage, no less! Talk about fortuitous! Not only that, but Sammy the Mechanic just happened to have a white Lincoln Continental on hand, for a mere \$1200....So guess what I'm going to spend my "Future-speak" advance money on? HE calls it "White Baron"; I call it "the White Whale". It's humongous! It's got all kinds of amenities, including seats that go up and down as well as forward and back...stereo tape deck...power windows...How does it GO? We'll see!

" I'm sending this to the RIGHT address...it should get printed on time
Happy Holidays to all.....

KEEP ON TREKKIN.....AGAIN!

Roberta Rogow

D. C. a1 Fine Op. 6

composed by Mike Stein, P. O. Box 10420, Arlington, VA 22210 (703)241-2927
CompuServe: 71131,2043

This year's Worldcon was a very bizarre one for me, as I devoted so much time to being a staffer and a panelist that I didn't even get in to see the art show. Stop me before I volunteer again!

Thursday night I took a fifteen-minute set in the filk concert; this is the first time that I have ever done any sort of concert set - or the first time that I have been willing to; my guitar skills are still not what I would like them to be. Robin Nakkula, a filker friend from Michigan, was there; she knows my duets, so I was able to perform *Hive Dance* and *Carry On*.

Friday morning I attended the parody-writing panel, and discovered that Bob Kanefsky has done exactly the same sort of analysis that I have on what it is that makes a good parody. That afternoon we had our smash opening (and closing) performance of *Smoflahoma!*, the musical version of the story of the rise and fall of the DC in '92 bid. It would have been nice if we had had one more female who could sing, but the show was well-received. (In case you're wondering, except for one half of one song, I did not write the show - it was entirely the work of John Pomeranz. I don't know the original songs well enough to parody all of them.) The Friday night "short takes" (better than a one-shot; you get to do ten minutes' worth, not just one song) saw the premiere performance of *Frozen Dreams*, included last issue.

Saturday noon I was on a panel called Filk as Technopropaganda, along with Jordin Kare, Bob Kanefsky, Mitchell Burnside-Clapp, and Harold Groot. We were amused to discover that Bob, Mitchell, and I had all been liberal arts majors, at least officially!

Saturday night was the DC in '92 ~~victory~~ thank-you party. We spent our remaining funds to throw a memorable bash. Memories were all we had after all too short a time - two turkeys disappeared in fifteen minutes, and an entire baron of beef (that's what the catering menu called it; it looks like a whole leg) went in about 35.

Sunday afternoon I was part of a two-hour clinic on how to finish your filksong. It was a great success; three filks were written by members of the audience based on things we said, and a woman who had been stuck for a long time with two verses was struck by the light when it was pointed out to her that what she had written were the first and last verses of her song, and she needed to fill in the middle. (Quite naturally, she was having an awful time continuing on past the second verse, since it was already the end.) The other panelists were Barb Higgins, I Abra Cinii, Rilla Heslin of Windbourne, and Sheila Willis of Technical Difficulties. Sunday evening saw another short-takes concert. I premiered the song from two issues ago, *Not All Songs Are For Heroes*, which turned out to be much easier to play on the guitar than I thought. (Or maybe I'm getting better?) At midnight I was one of the leaders of what they called a Rendezvous Filk, which was rather unstructured. Frankly I didn't like it, but that may have been because we followed Technical Difficulties, who did a two-hour concert with audience consent, and I Abra Cinii and Mark Glasser seemed determined to try to follow suit. We did manage to recruit a couple of other people (thank goodness!). During the evening I responded to several requests for copies of songs I performed; someone generously donated the use of a personal copying machine, which saw heavy use throughout the convention. Bob Laurent gave me my royalty copy of the OVFF tape on which *Perseid* appears. I've listened to it, and while what he did in mixing it is better than the raw copy, I think he made my voice too strong and MEW's too weak - she was singing lead. I was happy to see that Barb Riedel and Carol Poore's *Starbound*, *Soilbound* was on the tape - it's a gorgeous song which was long overdue to appear in the commercial market. It looks like

maybe they're starting to get the recognition I've thought they deserved ever since I first heard them about three years ago.

During the convention, my "Never Trust a Smiling Sheraton" button generated many admiring comments. One of the other DC in '92 committee members also sported a button to go along with the common "Friends Don't Let Friends Run Worldcons" model: "The Sheraton Washington Is My Friend." At the Hogu Ranquet (moved from its originally-scheduled location of McDonald's to Burger King), DC in '92 won a Hogu for Best Hoax Bid, while the Sheraton Washington picked up a Blackhole award for Best Greed. My vote for Best Button goes to: "My name is Batman. You killed my father. Prepare to die."

Best Pleasant Surprise: Duane Elms's new voice. For a couple of years I've seen Duane produce wonderful lyrics and heard him do impressive guitar work while singing in a weak, shaky voice that makes it hard to hear or understand the lyrics. The latest Firebird catalogue lists a tape of Duane playing guitar accompaniment for his songs, but with Larry Warner doing the actual singing. At Noreascon, I walked into Duane's concert set and was stunned. He had power and control I had never heard before. I mentioned it to him after the set, and he admitted that he had been working on his voice. I'm impressed at the results, which were achieved in a relatively short time.

In attendance were several filkers from Britain - Colin Fine, Valerie Housden, and someone named Illingworth whose first name escapes me. They're having the second British filk convention the first weekend in February; Frank Hayes and Teri Lee are guests of hono[ulr]. Seeing as the airlines are currently selling roundtrips to London for only \$301, I thought that I might as well go, and then stay on for a week of sightseeing. Hey, it's even cheaper than a round trip to California! I've already bought the ticket (it had to be purchased by September 15th.) I think Frank and Teri might be mad at me; I'm known to be a friend of Kathy Mar's, which obviously automatically makes me an enemy of Firebird, and I plead guilty to panning Frank's tape in review, but that was solely an artistic judgement made with quite a bit of sorrow - no personal animosity involved. Perhaps I can straighten out both little misunderstandings while I'm there.

At its quarterly meeting on the 15th of October, the Discon III Corporation formally voted to disband. This does not mean that we've given up on the idea of bidding, but the overwhelming sentiment is not to go for '95, and the dissolution of the corporation absolves the contingent loan from the Washington Science Fiction Association.

For the first time, a song of mine will be on a tape with someone other than me as the singer. I got a letter from Tera Mitchel of DAG Productions asking permission for the use of *Wishful Thinking (A Few Years Later)* which was recorded at ConChord last year - I still don't know by whom, though I suspect Technical Difficulties. They said they were in a big hurry, so I sent the contracts right from the Post Office. It wasn't until after I had already dropped the letter into the slot that I realized that they didn't need my permission - I had explicitly placed that song in the public domain. I sent them a followup letter telling them that I'd like a copy of the tape, but if they really have some overwhelming compulsion to pay royalties, they should find CARE or the Red Cross or a homeless shelter and give them what they planned to give me.

* * * * *

C O U N T E R P O I N T

Margaret Middleton - Have I started a trend, or what? (ct me) Carol Poore is one half of the extraordinarily talented (and just extraordinary) duet of which Barb Riedel is the other half. (re Soonercon) I think an all-female list is the rule rather than the exception for Wiscon in Madison. (aside to me re Firebird contract) Sorry, I should have specified that this was not firsthand info. It came from a conversation I had with Buck Coulson and a person whose name escapes me at OVFF. (The crack about firstborn, BTW, was from another time and person; I thought it was pretty clever, but I won't explain why as on reflection it's overly catty. I really have no axe to grind with any of the parties; I haven't got a personal stake in any of this.)

Mark Blackman - The first closure I thought of for the All-American Jingle was MTV.

John Boardman - (ct me re poetry) There seems to be a movement back to formalism these days. Perhaps there's hope yet. (and re North) As you no doubt saw, I expanded my time horizon after I sent my contribution in. How embarrassing. (and re military operations) I am not a pacifist. If someone shoots at me, I consider shooting back to be legitimate. If a whole bunch of someones try to come into my country shooting guns, I consider it legitimate to take steps to make them stop. Not, mind you, that I'm claiming that all or even most of our country's wars have been legitimate! But this year is the fiftieth anniversary of the invasion of Poland by Hitler and Stalin; were the efforts of the Polish army in response illegitimate? (re minac) Oddly enough, I find that I have an easier time meeting a more frequent schedule. Mishap is bimonthly, and since I joined two and a half years ago, I haven't missed an issue. At the three-month intervals of Apafilk, I sometimes forget whether I got my copy last month or the month before. What, BTW, is your current duplicating cost? I can get it done here for three cents a page.

* * * * *

The Beltway Bandits

Words copyright 1987 by Michael P. Stein

Music "The Lincoln Park Pirates" by Steve Goodman

e a e
The lights are on late down in Georgetown tonight.
C D G

Accountants are adding up sums.

C G
The fiscal year's through; time to start one anew,
a a7 B7

While a fat man just smiles as he hums.

e a e
There's less work than people to do it, he says,
C D G

But I'll find jobs for 'em all.

C G
Submit the low bid, with escape clause well hid,
a a7 B7

We can hit them up later for more.

Chorus:

e D e
To me way, hey, make the Feds pay.
C D G
The Beltway Bandits are we.
C e C e
From Beltsville to Wheaton, we're lyin' and cheatin',
a a7 B7
And we always collect our fee.
e D e
To me way, hey, make the Feds pay.
C D G
We plunder in Washington town.
C e C e
We just charge expenses, tack on a percentage,
D b7 e
And no one can make us shut down.

- 2) We pad the accounts when we gotta,
With devious overhead schemes.
When auditors come, we just act like they're dumb
When they ask what the hell it all means.
Our workers are fast and efficient.
They never will walk, but they'll run.
At quarter past two, if you can't find them in,
Well, I guess it must mean the job's done.

- 3) And when all the fees are collected,
And another year's budget is shot.
Our accountants will prove to one and all
That we saved Uncle Sam quite a lot.
But if by some chance they should catch us
We really need never have fear,
For the judges are all on a contract that
We signed with the Feds just last year.

Final chorus:

To me way, hey, make the Feds pay.
The Beltway Bandits are we.
From Beltsville to Wheaton, we're lyin' and cheatin',
And we always collect our fee.
To me way, hey, make the Feds pay.
Now citizens, gather around.
They've gouged us enough. Let's call their bluff.
Let's throw the bums out of town!

ANAKREON

#44, APA-Filk Mailing #44

1 November 1989

THAT REAL OLD-TIME RELIGION

(eleventh supplement)

636. We will worship Zoroaster;
Can't you pray a little faster
Or we'll meet with some disaster
But it's good enough for me! (MS)

CHORUS: Give me that old-time religion
Give me that old-time religion,
Give me that old-time religion,
It's good enough for me.

637. We will all bow down to Baal,
Winter, summer, spring and faall,
'Cause he'll always heed our caall,
And that's good enough for me! (MS)

638. I once prayed to gentle Cupid,
Now I'm feeling pretty stupid.
By transvestities I was dupéd,
That's not good enough for me! (MS)

639. We will pray to great Hephaestus,
Though his rites will surely test us.
For such acts they could arrest us!
But it's good enough for me. (MS)

640. They say Kali's a destroyer,
She'll do much more than annoy yer,
But I really do enjoy 'er;
She is good enough for me. (MS)

And these ~ix verses by Mike Stein are all that came in, during the past year, for the Neo-Pagan filksong "That Real Old-Time Religion".

To show how far the Neo-Pagans have come from their first flush of enthusiasm during the 1970s, ten years ago Judy Harrow, Brian Burley, and Fred Kuhn took to a Neo-Pagan gathering a huge piece of paper, which they posted on a wall and invited members of the Craft to write verses to "That Real Old-Time Religion". Hundreds came in, the basis of the first collection of these verses in 1980. Judywiz is now the Queen of the Witches of her tradition, and she and Brian have finally managed to obtain official recognition, by the City of New York, of their clerical status; see p. 3 for details and an insight into the character of our next mayor. But a few weeks ago, Brian posted such a sheet of paper again at a Neo-Pagan gathering - and did not get one verse!

The Neo-Pagans, it seems, have fallen into a sort of desuetude, comparable to the one about which a rather younger religion complained in Revelation 2:4. I am informed that some of them are feuding with one another, and questions of differences of dogma have even arisen in this most un-dogmatic group. A few profiteers have also appeared, and one of Neo-Paganisms intellectual leaders has claimed that his researches into the occult are so important that his co-religionists ought to support him financially while he is engaged in them. (Well, look where that sort of thing got Christianity!)

Or it may well be that all the good verses have already been written, and are being sung whenever the impulse strikes Neo-Pagans. With previous compositions to go on, why should anybody bother to write more? Besides, some Pagan deities are not quite so easy to rhyme as are Juno, Zeus, Thor, or Kali. For example, what can you do with Dazhbog? (Rus Gulevitch has tried it, but I am not impressed by the results.) Or Thoueris? Or Heimdall?

SACKS BUSTERS!

by Chris Carrier

(Sung to the tune of the original Ghostbusters anthem.)

SACKS BUSTERS!

There's something strange in the
neighborhood
Who ya gonna call?
SACKS BUSTERS!

There is something weird
And it don't look good.
Who ya gonna call?
SACKS BUSTERS!

I ain't afraid of no Sacks

I ain't afraid of no Sacks

Weird ideas in Hopcroft's head
Who can you call?
SACKS BUSTERS

A freaky man says your kid is dead
Who ya gonna call?
SACKS BUSTERS!

I ain't afraid of no Sacks

I ain't afraid of no Sacks

Who ya gonna call? . . . SACKS BUSTERS!

When you're all alone
Pick up the phone
And call .. SACKS BUSTERS!

I ain't afraid of no Sacks

Ooh, I hear he makes no physical demands

I ain't afraid of no Sacks

YEAH YEAH YEAH!

Who ya gonna call?
SACKS BUSTERS!

You have notes from a freaky Sacks?

Ya betta call SACKS BUSTERS!

Busting make me feel good!

I ain't afraid of no Sacks

I ain't afraid of no Sacks

Don't get caught alone oh no
SACKS BUSTERS!

When you see a postal-mail Sacks!
Unless you just Feud alone
I think you better call
SACKS BUSTERS!

Who ya gonna call?
SACKS BUSTERS!

Who you gonna call?
SACKS BUSTERS!

Uhh, you better call
SACKS BUSTERS!

Who ya gonna call?
SACKS BUSTERS!

I CAN'T HEAR YOU!
Who can you call?
SACKS BUSTERS!

LOUDER!
SACKS BUSTERS!

Who ya gonna call?
SACKS BUSTERS!

Who can you call!?
SACKS BUSTERS

Who ya gonna call!?
SACKS BUSTERS

This is yet another musical equivalent to the buttons worn by many s-f fans: "ANTI-SACKS LEAGUE". Chris Carrier, like most everyone else who knows the situation, is rather tired of the way in which a certain New York City fan tries to manipulate people. One of Sacks's attempted victims, Michael Hopcroft, is also represented in this issue of ANAKREON.

WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN DINKIE

(To be sung to the tune of "What a Friend We Have in Jesus", by a chorus of clergymen of the "mainstream churches", to celebrate the election of David Dinkins as Mayor of New York City)

What a friend we have in Dinkie,
 When we pull the strings he'll dance.
 Dinkie loves the "mainstream churches" -
 All the others have no chance.
 Now that we have made him Mayor,
 Do not make a legal fuss.
 You can't get a preacher's license,
 Not unless you're one of us.

If you're Catholic or Baptist,
 Anglican or even Jew,
 Dinkie lets you in the clergy.
 If you're not, too bad for you.
 Moonies, Witches, Jains, or Quakers,
 All are banned eternally.
 They are not the "mainstream churches";
 Dinkie answers, "So sue me!"

What a friend we have in Dinkie,
 Now we have the upper hand.
 If we scold him from the pulpit,
 He will do what we command.
 Schools won't have sex education,
 Gays will have to hit the roads,
 Darwin won't turn us to ape-men,
 Witches won't turn us to toads.

(spoken): We hope - Lord - please - uh - ribbit-ribbit - - -

The inspiration for this song was an act of David Dinkins when he was City Clerk. Some friends of mine, who happen to be Witches (or "neo-Pagans" if you prefer that name) went to him to get certified as members of the clergy of their religion. This is the sort of thing that is done routinely for every graduate of a Christian diploma mill, but Dinkins refused such certification for the Witches. Without such certification from the City Clerk, members of the clergy cannot perform valid marriages or any of the other functions which the law allows clerics to do.

The local Witches got legal assistance, and Dinkins was asked why he was denying them this certification. Dinkins, who already had ambitions for elective office (he is now Borough President of Manhattan) admitted that he had no grounds in law for denying the Witches their clergy status. However, he told them that he would rather face legal action from them, than face criticism from what he called the "mainstream churches".

The Witches took him up on this dare, and to court. Over Dinkins' objections, the courts decided that the Witches were entitled to be certified as clergy. This is why Judy Harrow, Brian Burley, and several other ANAKREON readers are now licensed to perform marriages. And it is also the reason why Mayor-elect Dinkins' name is far less than popular in the neo-Pagan community, despite the approval that many of its members give to his other public policies.

O	At
P	Great
E	Intervals
R	This
A	Appears
T	To
I	Inflame
O	Optic
N	Nerves

1573

GETTING CAUGHT UP

ANAKREON is a quarterly amateur publication on filksongs and filksinging. It is published by John Boardman, 234 East 19th Street, Brooklyn, NY 11226-5302, and circulates through APA-Filk, an amateur press association devoted to this hobby. APA-Filk was founded in 1979 by Bob Lipton, and is collated on the first day of each February, May, August, and November. Its copy count is 60. The deadline for the 45th Mailing is Thursday 1 February 1990. ANAKREON also goes to all people who get my s-f and Fantasy fanzine DAGON.

If you would like to get APA-Filk, send me \$5 or \$10, and I'll send you your copies as they are published, billing you for postage and the (25¢) envelope. I will keep you posted on the state of your balance in "The Ministry of Finance", elsewhere in this issue.

They'll Sing in Someone Else's Room This Time (Middleton): "Filk is what I'm pointing at when I say 'this is filk.'" This is as good a definition as any, and shows that you've been exposed to the "operationalist" school of philosophy. Otherwise, almost every attempted definition of "filk" can be controverted by an example taken from the pages of APA-Filk. Still, your attempt at Greek-label filk is as good as anyone has done in the classification of the products of our hobby.

However, this has perils. Some 35 or 40 years ago, a Canadian fan named Alastair Cameron tried to work out a classification, somewhat based on the Dewey Decimal System, for categorizing science-fiction stories by category and sub-category of theme. This proved to be so difficult a job that he finally abandoned it and took up the less demanding field of astrophysics.

I would not want to put a minac requirement into APA-Filk. At the same time, though, I realize that a lot of people wouldn't be sending in money for APA-Filk unless they were interested in filksinging, that they wouldn't be interested in filksinging without hearing filksongs, and that somewhere they must be hearing (or, better, writing) filksongs that we'd like to have in APA-Filk. So - send them, please!

D. C. al Fine #5 (Stein): How is Renee Alper doing now?

I stand by my statements about conservatism in ANAKREON #42. I call into evidence the remarks being made currently by the Republican candidates for Governors of New Jersey and Virginia, and Mayor of New York City. And just a week ago President Bush decided that "Nicaragua poses an unusual and extraordinary threat to the national security of the U. S." (New York Daily News, 26 October 1989) Better dust off all those anti-war songs from 20 years back.

The Supreme Court decision in Webster vs. Reproductive Services simply isn't going to be allowed to stand; as "Mister Dooley" put it, "The Supreme Court follows the election returns." Of the subsequent demonstrations in favor of freedom of reproductive choice, one has elicited the slogan: "Keep your rosaries off my ovaries!"

Singspiel #43 (Blackman): The "Sure-Rotten" Hotels? Good! The old Commodore hotel was so uncongenial to several regional s-f cons that it eventually earned the nickname "Le Commodo d'Or".

ANAKREON #43 (me): Ronald Lauder lost the Republican primary election for Mayor of New York City by a 2-1 margin. He did have the nomination of the minuscule Conservative Party, but spent the month before the election in Europe, and is clearly no longer interested in the job.

Last Friday night the new law against flag-burning went into effect. As soon as it did, two rallies, one in New York City and one (by Vietnam veterans!) in Seattle, deliberately burned U. S. flags as acts of defiance. The New York rally didn't even make the papers.

The "brokers jumping out of windows" scenario never happened even during the 1929 Stock Market crash. Two gay men who lived in the Ritz Hotel, and who had lost heavily in the market in 1929, did join hands and take the long leap, but they were just ordinary investors - all too ordinary in that crash. There were a few broker suicides by drowning or gunfire, but no window leaps. The story was spread by the actor Eddie Cantor, who was then appearing in a big Broadway revue and who had lost heavily in the crash.

LITTLE FUZZY GAMESMASTER

by Michael Hopcroft

(Tune: "Little Fuzzy Animals" by Frank Hayes)

When you go to the convention you may like what you see
 and beat out all the hordes for the last space in D&D,
 But when it starts you soon are gripped by horrors without name,
 For a little fuzzy gamesmaster will run your game!

A little fuzzy gamesmaster,
 Fifteen-year-old gamesmaster,
 Little fuzzy gamesmaster will run your game!

He takes you to a tower which would look good in New York,
 then he reaches in his figure box and pulls out Super-Orc,
 It's then you start to thinking that you should have stayed in bed...
 For this little fuzzy gamesmaster will see you dead!

Yes, this little fuzzy gamesmaster,
 Small obnoxious gamesmaster,
 Little fuzzy gamesmaster will see you dead!

And when the treasure's all dug out and divvied up to all
 With a generosity that would embarrass Monty Hall,
 You think you've rose a level and you're ready to complain,
 but the little fuzzy gamesmaster plays with your brain!

The little fuzzy gamesmaster,
 Mind-wrasslin' gamesmaster,
 Little fuzzy gamesmaster plays with your brain!

So when you go to the convention it is better not to play,
 But if you are a masochist and really have to stay
 Then take away his plastic figure box, take away his guidebooks too:
 Get that little fuzzy gamesmaster before he gets you!

GRACELESS NOTES

The above verses came in a letter from Michael Hopcroft, 3936 N. Albina Ave., Portland, OR 97227 - along with his comment, "Do you know of a filk APA of any kind?" Little did he know - he's getting this Mailing, with a few others, and an invitation to join up with us. He is also getting the lines to the left, to conclude the last verse of his above contribution and bring it into line with the others.

*
 In modern productions of Gilbert and Sullivan's The Mikado it is customary to re-do Ko-Ko's song "I've Got a Little List" to deal with contemporary annoyances.

But these are not the only pests who poison College life,
 And I've made a little list,
 Of those who shake the midnight air with dialectic strife,
 And who never would be missed.
 The nymphs who stroll at breakfast time in nightgowns
 made of silk;
 The blighters who drop catalogues and whisper in the Bod,
 Or whistle Bach or Verdi as they walk across the Quad,
 The superficial sceptic or the keen philanthropist,
 They'll none of them be missed.

For example, a recent TV production, with Eric Idle as Ko-Ko, in which he complains about "...Muggers, joggers, buggers, floggers..." But the custom goes 'way back, as is shown by the verse to the left, which was written in 1915 by Dorothy L. Sayers, then a student at

Oxford's Somerville College, the original of the "Shrewsbury College" of her 1935 novel Gaudy Night. The song was written for the senior class play, a G&S pastiche entitled Pied Pipings or the Innocents Abroad. In addition to being one of the play's authors, Sayers was musical director and played a lead role.

This verse came from Janet Hitchman's Such a Strange Lady in 1975, the first biography written of an author who not only created Lord Peter Wimsey but was also one of the finest English prose stylists of this century. I suspect that a line has been omitted between the fifth and sixth quoted in this book, as the rhyme scheme would seem to demand one. Such a Strange Lady is in bad odor among the more vehement sort of Sayers fan that congregates around Wheaton College. While it is written with respect, admiration, and understanding, it does not utterly worship her, and it displays a few flaws in her character.

*

Not all military filk written during the American invasion of Vietnam rejoiced in the destruction that the U. S. armed forces were wroking in that country. Some of it was more brutally honest. The verse to the right is quoted by Franklin Allen Leib in his novel The Fire Dream. The tune appears to be "The Camptown Races", although its creator seems to confuse it with "Zippady-Doo-Dah" from a wretchedly bad 1947 Walt Disney animated feature, Song of the South. We can expect a revival of it if President Bush is serious about his announced intention to change forcibly the governments of two or three Central American nations.

*

Despite the apparent lack of interest by Neo-Pagans currently in "That Real Old-Time Religion", the verses are not only being collected but are being put into a computer by Jeff Poretsky, 306 Avenue M, Brooklyn, NY 11230. Once in this form, they can not only be printed out at need, but they can be indexed and cross-referenced. Suppose, for example, you want all the verses that feature Derketo, or Freyja, or Castle Rising, or the Neo-Pagan whose name is here rendered as "Gavin Ice". Suppose you want only the verses created by Fred Kuhn, or Rus Gulevitch, or (save the mark!) myself. Giving the appropriate instructions to Jeff's computer will produce (presumably) these results. I am sure that he would welcome any comments from ANAKREON's readers and from the Neo-Pagan community on this project.

*

The remaining programs this fall at the Good Coffee House are:

- 17 November: Higgins & Donnelly. "Traditional Irish & Scottish music with a twist... mandolin, banjo, guitar, uillean pipes & cittern..."
- 1 December: No Frills. "Their repertoire includes a wide variety of blues, jazz, and folk accompanied by appealing vocals, fine guitar & driving percussion."
- 15 December: "Open Stage". There will be eight 15-minute spots by people who volunteered for them at previous sessions, first come first served.

The Good Coffee House takes place at the Brooklyn Society for Ethical Culture, 53 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn, NY 11215 on the first and third Friday evenings of each month, 'cept in summer. Admission is \$5; the doors open at 8:45 and the show starts at 9:30. Performers usually have their tapes for sale, and most of them don't mind if you tape their performances. (Ask first, though.)

The first performance after the holidays is on Friday 5 January 1990. To get on their mailing list, phone them after 8:00 on show nights at 718-768-2982. Upcoming performances from that date will be listed in ANAKREON #45, which will be published on 1 February 1990.

*

(continued on p. 8)

You're going home in a body bag,
do-da, do-da!
You're going home in a body bag,
it's the only way!
Shot between the eyes!
Shot between the thighs,
You're going home in a body bag,
Zip! de-do-da-day!

HOME OF THE STRANGE

by Deb Wunder

(Tune: "Home on the Range." This song appeared in APA-N.U. #173, October 1989. APA-N.U., more commonly called "APA-NYU", is a monthly amateur press association originally founded by NYUSFS, which was the "New York University Science-Fiction Society" before it was ejected from campus on the trivial excuse that no NYU students belonged to it. The song is an accurate expression of what NYUSFS and APA-NYU collating sessions are like. For information about APA-NYU, write to Marc Glasser, 1088 E. 40th St., Brooklyn, NY 11210; 718-NY-CADRE. APA-Filk members who contribute to APA-NYU include Glasser, Greg and Sharon Baker, Mark Blackman, Brian Burley, Jeff Poretsky, Mark Richards, and Fred Phillips.)

Oh, give me a crew of folks from APA-NYU,
 Or from NYUSFS, who'll help me to lose
 What is left of my mind
 As I look not behind --
 At least they're good for chasing the blues.

Home, home of the strange
 Where NYUSFUSians and APA-NYUs play,
 Where seldom is heard a one-syllable word,
 And filk-songs are sung all the day.

Oh, we meet in a park, then we head for the dark
 Of a restaurant, there to pursue
 A table seating ten, food to fit every yen,
 And each sentence becomes a song-cue.

Home, home of the strange
 Where NYUSFUSians and APA-NYUs roam.
 As the food disappears and puns assault our ears,
 You can hear an occasional groan.

THE MINISTRY OF FINANCE

APA-Filk is available to anyone who sends in money for postage and packing. As each quarterly issue comes out, your account will be assessed for postage and the 25¢ envelope. As of 31 October 1989, these are the states of the postage and packing accounts:

Greg Baker	\$1.99	J. Spencer Love	\$3.42	Karen Shaub	\$2.97
Mark Blackman	\$12.06	Lois Mangan	\$6.99	Glenn Simser	\$6.48
Bob Fitch	\$1.85	Matthew Marcus	\$1.59	Beverly Slayton	\$14.24
Harold Groot	\$6.53	Margaret Middleton	\$4.06	Mike Stein	\$8.46
Jordin Karel	\$6.10	Doreen Miller	\$7.46	Peter Thiesen	\$1.72
Charyl Lloyd	\$10.52	Pete Seeger	\$6.25	Sol Weber	\$1.34

Mike Agranoff and Roberta Rogow get APA-Filk in trade. Bob Lipton, Jeff Poretsky, Lana Raymond, and Jane Sibley also get APA-Q, and receive APA-Filk on their APA-Q accounts. The blank on the right gives the present state of your APA-Filk account, including costs for mailing out this present 44th Mailing.

APA-Filk accounts which fall into arrears will be suspended, as will accounts for people who may have a positive balance but whose copies come back in the mail. Presently suspended APA-Filk accounts are:

Harry Andruschak	-14¢	Leslie Lyons	-49¢	Kathy Sands	-12¢
Sally & Barry		Randall McDougall	-65¢	Elliot K. Shorter	-\$2.00
Childs-Helton	-74¢	Dena Mussaf	-87¢	Nick Simichich	-69¢
Scan Cleary	-38¢	Deirdre & Jim		Dana Snow	-15¢
Gerald Collins	-10¢	Rittenhouse	-15¢	Rick Weiss	-\$1.25
Paul Doerr	-50¢	Michael Rubin	-82¢	Paul Willett	-\$1.23
Mistic Joyce	\$6.86				

GRACELESS NOTES (continued from p. 6)

By the time you read these words, Rudolph Giuliani will have been smothered under a landslide and forgotten in his quest to be Mayor of New York City. But it will not be for lack of such lyrics as the ones to the right, quoted in the New York Daily News of 22 October 1989. It begins a song played at a rally of "Filipinos for Giuliani", at a fundraiser in Queens. Carlos Caramanzana (translate that name!) went on to call Giuliani a "champion of education" and a "champion of corruption". *

Greg Baker, in a letter that has waited far too long in my files, added this verse to Frank Hayes' "Never Set the Cat on Fire".

Don't ever stiff the waiter if you're on a Kzinti liner,
Or you may be the dinee when you should have been the diner,
Your space career will not go far -
If ydl're a human steak tartare -
Don't ever stiff a Kzinti waiter!

We live in a sick apple,
someone has to make it healthy,
someone has to make it shiny,
edible and crunchy,

Last year, Lee Atwater was chair of the Republican National Committee, and the man who persuaded the necessary 27% of the American electorate that Michael Dukakis's running mate was Willie Horton. This year, Atwater's fondness for rhythm-and-blues music was parodied by two Nashville songwriters, Marshall Chapman and Gary Nicholson, writing as "Little Willie Horton and the Weekenders" for "Bush-League Records". Their song, "The Man Who Would Be B. B. King", appeared in Newsday of 6 August 1989. ("Like Einstein playing football, it don't make sense to me.") *

Our condolences go to his and the Seeger families on the death of Ewan MacColl at the age of 74, on 22 October 1989. "He became a spokesman for the English folk scene," said the Newsday obituary. He was the husband of Peggy Seeger, and the father of the singer Kirsty MacColl.

ANAKREON #44

John Boardman
234 East 19th Street
Brooklyn, NY 11226-5302